

To him Bun, take him Bun: Or,  
The hunting of the Conney.

To the tune of, To him Bunne, &c.



50 MILLIMETRES

10 CENTIMETRES

**G**rest Mars and Venus,  
byon a time meeting,  
In Cupids boudy Ban  
after longe setting:  
Many woxys passed then,  
but their chuse argument  
Was how that Summers day,  
should be in pleasure spent:  
He said Marres, Hawles and Jarves,  
these be wanted,  
Other sport for each soft,  
Jone flore replied,  
Let your Hound range some ground,  
and swifly follow him,  
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,  
But do not swallow him.

**I**n first Apollo pleas'd,  
Mars was contented,  
The rishooke hanck and agreed,  
To his haconfereces:  
The bream swarmes the stremes,  
where symphe doe barb them,  
Lo as theys with their locks,  
ant grise haues them;  
Che more the gree content,  
the more shold ioyt and play,  
In a morn to ente lost,  
keeping it Duffap.  
Let your Hound range some ground,  
and swifly follow him,  
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,  
and do not swallow him.

**M**ora with flowers sweet,  
Spred all the Mountaines,  
Calles were fresh and greene,  
Swift ranne the mountaines  
Phyamel swetly sung,  
to entertaine the Spring,  
On each branch sits a Bird,  
making the Groues to ring:  
Pan pipeth on his Reede,  
whilst that his Lambs doe play,  
Every thing seemes to spring,  
welcomming pleasant May.  
Let your Hound range some ground,  
and swifly follow him,  
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,  
but do not swallow him.

**F**ooth went the Countrey Peches,  
every one leading  
His nimblest footed Dogge,  
over the Lawnes treading:  
Through each bush doe they rash,  
and open way doth make,  
A Hunters path is free,  
be it through Brake or Lake,  
Over Hillouer Dale,  
with houte and hallow,  
Whiles that their nimble Hounds,  
poore Bunne doth follow.  
Let your Hound range some ground,  
and swifly follow him,  
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,  
and do not swallow him.

To him Bun, take him Bun: Or,  
The hunting of the Conney.

To the tune of, To him Bunne, &c.



50 MILLIMETRES

10 CENTIMETRES

Rest Mars and Venus,  
by a time meeting,  
In Cupids boudy Ban  
after long abiding:  
Many woxys passed then,  
but their chuse argument  
Was how that Summers day,  
should be in pleasure spent:  
He said Marres, Hawles and Iares,  
these be wanted,  
Other sport for each soft,  
Jone then replied,  
Let your Hound range some ground,  
and swifly follow him,  
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,  
But do not swallow him.

Then said Apollo pleas,  
Mars was contented,  
Cupido shake hands and agreed,  
To his consenters:  
Pluto's stream swames the streames,  
whereas Nymphes doe bath them,  
Lo as theys with their locks,  
ant grise haues them;  
Cupido did graunt consent,  
an arate shold sport and play,  
In a mire bereft lost,  
keeping it Duffap.  
Let your Hound range some ground,  
and swifly follow him,  
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,  
and do not swallow him.

Mora with flowers sweet,  
Spred all the Mountaines,  
Calles were fresh and greene,  
Swift ranne the mountaines  
Phylomele swetly sung,  
to entertaine the Spring,  
On each branch sits a Bird,  
making the Groues to ring:  
Pan pipeth on his Reede,  
whilst that his Lambs doe play,  
Every thing seemes to spring,  
welcomming pleasant May.  
Let your Hound range some ground,  
and swifly follow him,  
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,  
but do not swallow him.

Soorth went the Countrey Peches,  
every one leading  
His nimblest footed Dogge,  
over the Lawnes treading:  
Through each bush doe they rash,  
and open way doth make,  
A Hunters path is free,  
be it through Brake or Lake,  
Over Hillouer Dale,  
with houte and hallow,  
Whiles that their nimble Hounds,  
poore Bunne doth follow.  
Let your Hound range some ground,  
and swifly follow him,  
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,  
and do not swallow him.



The second part, to the same tune.



**Q**uod one the match is made,  
now ther's no flinchynge,  
It not gne out for nought,  
hang by all pinchynge:  
Since w'are within the Chale,  
weele hue about Lab,  
Encourage v by Dogge,  
why dost thou pou Lab,  
Faie pl y Ile see thre haue,  
sye Bunnyn fain't not,  
Pretty Bunnne nimblly runne,  
and see thou pl iut not.  
Let your Hound range some ground  
and swiftly follow him:  
Hunt the bun, take the bun,  
but doe not swallow him.

Nimblly she lesper and skips,  
vpon Hill and Valley,  
Holes she takes, creeps through shales,  
seeming to dally:  
Cries of Hounds makes the grounds,  
echo like Thunder:  
Making each silly beast  
mazed with wonder:  
Take the Earth, let not death  
so soone opeake thee,  
For I'll be catch thee Bun,  
hele soundly shake thee.  
Let your Hound range some ground,  
and swiftly follow him:  
Hunt the Bun, take the Bun,  
and doe not swallow him.

**F**or all the Quylt sh' mane,  
quickly they caught her,  
And fall low on the ground,  
sodenly caught her:  
She did quecke, they did quiche,  
thus they did Bunnyn,  
Hard hearted hounds to vle,  
to a poore Conny:  
Hunters came in space,  
to see the slaughter,  
And each one did rejoyce,  
that they had caught her.  
Let your Hound range some ground,  
and swiftly follow him:  
Hunt the Bun, take the Bun,  
and doe not swallow him.  
  
**T**his being done, then the Gunne  
Westward declined,  
And pale-faile Cynthya,  
in the East shined:  
Every man with a Leash,  
vpon his Dogge tied,  
And when their sport was done,  
homeward they bled:  
Safarewell, yet a Knell,  
The ring for Bunnay,  
which was a harmelss beast,  
poore pitry Conny,  
Ding dong ding thus I ring,  
poore Bun is burn'd,  
That with so many Doggs,  
was at once warr'd. *Finis.*  
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